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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

October 9.

1779—Siege of Savannah ended.
1858—First overland mail from San Francisco arrived in St. Louis. Twenty-four days and eighteen hours in transit—Donatelli comet, first appearing in June, attained its greatest brilliancy.
1857—Russia formally transferred Alaska to the United States.
1894—Cornerstone of Commercial Travelers' home of United States laid at Binghamton, N. Y.

October 8.

Russian Bear Saw His Shadow in Manchuria and Decides to Remain There.

October 8, the day set by the Czar's government for the withdrawal of his military forces from Manchuria, has come and gone, and still the Russian bear sits sulking upon his haunches sucking his claws, obstinately refusing to retire from Northern China. Such action on the part of Russia was to have been expected. Russia has never given the slightest indication that she ever intended to redeem her pledge. From the time the Russians first took control of Manchuria there has never been warrant for more than a hope that the territory would ever be surrendered. Russian promises have been made only to be broken.

The failure on the part of China to grant certain demands is the excuse which Russian diplomacy offers for the continued presence of Russian troops in Manchuria. These demands, as a matter of fact, are such that China cannot grant them. It is not intended that China should. The whole course of Russia indicates that she intends to remain in Manchuria indefinitely. She is there to stay. Like "Boss" Tweed, she asks, "What are you going to do about it?"

Hanna's Loss of Temper.

The Ohio Senator Indulges in the Demagoguery of His Opponents.

One of the unfortunate results of the strenuous campaign in Ohio appears to be Senator Hanna's evident loss of self-control. We have always known him to be, and he has achieved wide fame, as a cool, calculating, "level-headed," astute manager, one who always weighed every utterance before he expressed it, and who carefully thought out every action before he performed it, or permitted it to be performed. His statements have been terse and full of meaning, and his epigrams maxims of sound sense and logic, while his moderate and modest prophecies have been reasonably fulfilled. He has heretofore left demagoguery to the opposition.

But what are we to think of him now when in the midst of political argument in defense of his seat in the Senate he tells the people of Ohio that a vote for the Johnson and Clarke Democrats is "a vote for the absolute destruction and ruin of our American institutions and for utter chaos in this country?"

From the outside it does not appear that there is sufficient danger of defeat for Senator Hanna to warrant him in making such an extravagant and ridiculous statement. It is rant unworthy of the distinguished junior Senator from Ohio, and better suited to the use of his political enemies. It is rank plagiarism from his opponents; he should not have infringed upon their copyright. Tom Johnson in the governor's chair at Columbus—where he is not likely to get—could do little if anything to impair the peace, happiness and prosperity of the people of Ohio, and even should John H. Clarke be sent to the Senate he would be quite powerless to carry out his dastardly purpose of sending the country to destruction or to bring on a reign of chaos.

Further, Senator Hanna charges that his opponents are animated by the same spirit of anarchy which prompted the assassination of the lamented McKinley, and in apparent seriousness tells his hearers that the Johnson supporters are "stealing

upon you with seductive promises, ready to put the blade to your throat and to poison the water you drink." This is no sort of talk for a statesman of the caliber of Senator Hanna. It is not argument; it is the cheap, meaningless prattle of a demagogue. Coming from Senator Hanna it is most surprising. It will injure the chances of Republican success and his own re-election more than all Tom Johnson and John H. Clarke can say throughout the remainder of the campaign.

Economy Called For.

This Not the Time to Increase Salaries of District Officials.

Mr. Smith, the president of the East Washington Citizens' Association, sounded a timely note of warning in his address last night. This is not the time, we agree in saying with him, for increasing the salaries of District employees. In view of the expenditures for permanent improvements, to meet which the city has been compelled to incur a heavy debt, the practice of the strictest economy will be necessary for some years to come, if we are to maintain a reputation for knowing how to cut our coat according to the cloth.

Nor does this demand for increased pay strike us as coming with particularly good grace from officials who are part and parcel of that government, the shortcomings of which have aroused the amusement, if not the indignation, of the taxpayers. Readers of The Times, certainly, have had ample opportunity, within the last six months, to judge for themselves whether the District officials have, or have not, performed their duties in such a manner as to commend them to the taxpayers of the city as good and faithful public servants, worthy of recognition and reward. The judgment, if left to a vote of the taxpayers, we fear, would be almost unanimous that they had not discharged their duties either efficiently or even intelligently. Indeed, we should not be surprised at all if the verdict were that this District government is, or was until very recently, one of the most grotesquely inefficient municipal governments the country ever produced.

But among the many cries for an increase of pay, raised by different officials of the District government, none is quite as impudent—impudent, that's the word—as that raised by the Superintendent of Insurance. That official, whose management, or we should rather say, lack of management of his office was exposed in the columns of The Times a few months ago, has the effrontery to ask for an increase of \$1,000 in his salary. Our morning contemporary, we note with astonishment, converts this demand of the superintendent into an unselfish refusal on his part to accept more for the ensuing year than he drew in the last. Just how the "Post" was led into committing this error we do not know. It is immaterial, anyway. The fact is that Superintendent Drake very loudly calls not only for \$1,000 more for himself, but also for about \$3,000 more for his office. All together he calls for \$13,800 to run an office which was in existence eighteen months before it could issue a license, and whose operations since January 1, 1902, the date of its birth, are solemnly set forth in less than four pages of the Commissioners' last annual report! In the present condition of District finances, we submit, officials such as his are luxuries we can dispense with. President Smith is right in demanding that these cries for increased pay be ignored and that the District government return to the practice of the strictest economy.

The Study of Shorthand.

Stenography Is Less Valuable in Business Than It Used to Be.

With the opening of the business colleges and schools, many young people are asking themselves, and their friends and relatives, whether it is best for them to take up the study of shorthand. They are assured by experts that while large salaries are within the reach of the court reporter, it takes several years' practice to become thus proficient, and even then the opportunities are limited. They also find that few successful clerks in business houses know shorthand in anything but a superficial way, and that success in business apparently depends on something else.

All this is true, and yet it does not affect the real usefulness of the study of stenography in the least. It only indicates that young people without a marked talent for this study would better let it alone. Shorthand will not help a girl to get on in business if she is a poor speller, a bad grammarian, an untidy accountant, or lacking in other essential business qualities. If she is all that a good secretary should be, quick of hearing, deft

of touch, and able to endure a certain amount of nervous strain for several hours at a time, she may find shorthand a material help. The same is true of the young business man. The poor pay and lack of opportunity of the average stenographer are due to the fact that the study is so generally taught to pupils not fitted to make use of it.

Generally speaking, an expert writer is as useful in a business office as a stenographer, especially if able to take down rapidly in abbreviated longhand the substance of a letter, and write it properly afterward, without having it dictated word for word. Most business men do not want a secretary to whom they must dictate their letters. They want one to whom they can say, "Here, Miss Smith, or Mr. Jones, take this letter, look up the matter, and tell the man what he wants to know." If the stenographer cannot do this, shorthand is of no use whatever. It is not a passport to a good position, and the confiding young folk who think so are greatly and expensively mistaken.

The "New York Times" in connection with the decision of the New Hampshire supreme court in a Christian Science case, expresses surprise that the court should have been able to resist "the disquieting influences of Concord, where queer things can happen to almost anybody." This sounds as if the "Times" had gotten Concord, N. H., where the Concord coach is made, mixed up with Concord, Mass., where the summer brand of philosophy is made.

Happy Mr. Depew! All the ladies applaud your sentiments, but pass along the query whether it would not have been sweeter consistency if you had bestowed the bliss of which you so feelingly speak upon some lady of sixty.

The new name for disinclination to attend church is morbus sabbaticus, but the complaint is not half so disagreeable as it sounds.

We are told that the war cloud is lifting over Turkey, which is a relief, as it might otherwise have rained dark meat all over Europe.

The farmers say that the rabbits have thick fur, which means a severe winter. Prudent animals, rabbits. They also say that the wild geese is flying north, which means a mild winter. Sagacious birds, wild geese.

The King of Yap is dead, and there are several suitable candidates for the throne here in America.

A New York real estate owner had a house said to be haunted; but on investigation the ghost proved to be the caretaker, who by this simple means obtained free quarters. The moral of this is, investigate your ghosts.

Pope, the bicycle man, has founded a church, and it is to be supposed that he will give orders not to shut out would-be attendants in short skirts and golf hose.

A Trenton boy fourteen years old had his name in the papers because he was a good witness. Is it so rare for an American boy to tell a straight story in intelligible fashion?

A five-pound trout committed suicide on being caught, according to a New Jersey game warden. The game warden brand of fish story seems to be worse than the usual kind.

A female Sam Parks has appeared in New York. If the Parks disposition is likely to spread, the world outside will be glad not to live in New York.

A humanitarian asserts that a well cat does not make a noise at night. Then the proper treatment for yowling cats would be, not bootjacks, but Pain Killer.

Manna Loa is reported to have broken out again; and for the benefit of the bewildered reader anxious to keep up with the news, it may be stated that Manna Loa is neither a foreign potentate nor a new disease, but a volcano.

A lion got out of his cage at Munich and broke up a festivity. Is it possible that that lion had been reading the papers, and saw the account of the lion at Coney Island and the fun he had?

The backbone of the Macedonian rebellion is said to be broken, but before rejoicing too loudly one would like to be assured that there is not another backbone in its pocket.

"Hawatha" and "Tessie" by any other names would sound as badly.

Thus far in his defense Col. "Jim" Tillman has not offered the excuse that he "didn't know it was loaded."

Requiem.
Thou dear old pipe, thy time at last
Hath come for honored rest;
And now shalt thou dwell in the past,
A past thou ever blessed.

Thy fragrance rare, in clouds divine,
Enveloped off thy soul.
Ah! nevermore shall lips of mine
Sip nectar from thy bowl.

Through twenty years of changeful time,
Dear memories hast thou fed;
And back to youth and golden prime
My thoughts thou oft hast sped.

Off in the tranquil hours of night,
When stars illumed the sky,
Sweet dreams that thrilled me with delight
Did thy rich fumes supply.

Through days of sorrow, mental pain,
Thou gavest solace rare.
Oh, where the balm that can again
With thee, staunch friend, compare?

Now, comrade true, thy toll shall cease,
A peaceful rest thine own;
My love for thee shall e'er increase,
Treading life's path alone.

Forever! farewell! a long farewell!
Thy praise is nobly earned;
For years thou hast thy mystic spell
And income ever burned.

—Boston Transcript.

Questions and Answers

Interval of a Year.

Did more than a year elapse between the death of Lord Pauncefote and Sir Michael Herbert?
SCHOOL GIRL.

Yes; Lord Pauncefote died at the British legation in Washington, May 24, 1902, and Sir Michael Herbert in Switzerland, September 30, 1903.

Ancient Nations.

A and B have had dispute whether the Chinese or the Hebrew nation is the older. Can The Times decide the question?
TOM.

The progenitors of both nations appear at the very dawn of history. The Hebrews date their chronology as a nation from the emigration of Abraham into Chaldea, about 2,000 years B. C. The history of the Chinese nation, it is maintained by educated Chinamen, dates back 5,000 years, though since 2267 B. C. it is entirely mythical.

10,000 Miles to Hongkong.

Will The Times state the distance in miles from Washington Hongkong?
MARINE.

According to the table of distances used by the Postoffice Department for routes, it is 3,022 miles to San Francisco, and 7,758 across the Pacific on the route the transports take. The trip takes thirty days.

Three Courses Open.

Will you kindly give me any information as to where I can find out whether or not a certain young man has enlisted on a United States ship or any merchant vessel in Baltimore in the last three years?
MRS. M.

A letter addressed to the commandant of the United States Marine Corps will bring the information whether the young man in question has enlisted in the marines. A letter addressed to the Navy Department would be answered telling whether he had enlisted as a sailor or naval apprentice. There would be no way of obtaining the information sought from merchant ships, except to correspond with the companies owning the ships.

Copyright for Music.

I have composed a piece of music for the piano, and am anxious to have it copyrighted. How shall I go about it?
FLANISE.

Write for information to the Librarian of Congress, and the necessary blanks and instructions will be sent.

86,702 Colored People.

Will The Times favor me by stating how many negroes there are in the District of Columbia?
STUDENT.

According to the census of 1900, there were 191,532 white people, 86,702 colored, 455 Chinese, 7 Japanese, and 32 Indians.

Once in Seventeen Years.

Has Thanksgiving Day occurred more than once on November 26, within the last seventeen years?
Only once, Thursday, November 26, 1891.

Significance of Halloween.

I desire to know the significance of Halloween at the end of this month.
IGNORANCE.

The last night of October is the vigil of All Hallows, or All Saints Day. From time immemorial it has been the occasion of youthful pranks and practical jokes.

A Chinese Plant.

I have been references to something called "Remie." What is it?
A Chinese plant with a name given it in Java. It is a plant of the nettle family, and the fiber can be manufactured into several fabrics, one of which resembles silk. The soil of the Southern States is specially adapted to its growth.

Highest Point in District.

What is the highest point in the District of Columbia?
REAL ESTATE.

A hill on the Tenleytown Road, known as Tenley Height, about half a mile beyond Tenleytown. It is 400 feet above tide.

In a Lighter Vein.

An Unfortunate Choice.

Reuben—Oh, yes, the bunco fellow said, "The farmer's life is the life for me."
Judson—Aw, the rascal! What did you do?
Reuben—Well, I thought if that was the way he felt about it I'd rather he'd take my money.
—Puck.

Fatal Hesitation.

Nell—So the engagement is broken off?
Belie—Yes. It seems she told him one evening that she wasn't half beautiful enough to be his wife, and he didn't deny her statement quick enough to suit her.—Philadelphia Press.

Moles Different From Mountains.

Girl with the Gibson Girl Neck—Did you go to that fair healer to have your lame shoulder cured, as I suggested?
Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple—Yes, but as soon as I saw her I came away. She had a big mole on her nose, and I knew she wouldn't have let that stay there if I could have removed it.—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

Calvert, Jr.—What do you call your pet hawk?
Balty Moore—Pilgrim Father.
Calvert, Jr.—What a peculiar name! Why on earth did you call him that?
Balty Moore—I caught him in our poultry yard where he had just landed on my finest Plymouth Rock.—Baltimore American.

In Carriages.

Tommy—Papa, which are the walking delegates?
Tommy's Father—Those men that just went by in carriages.—Somerville Journal.

Behind Time.

Mr. Upjohn—I wish you would tell Kathleen that she cooks her steaks too much.
Mrs. Upjohn—You are three girls late, John. The name of the present one is Mollie.—Norfolk Landmark.

Quite Different.

She—I shall have to refuse you again.
He—But this is positively the last time I shall propose.
She—Oh, well, that's different. Why didn't you say so?—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Epoch.

"How old are you?" the school teacher asked the new student.
"Six years old," replied the little one.
"When were you six?" asked the teacher.
"The day our hired girl came," said the little one, conclusively.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Chamberlain's Successor.

Joseph Chamberlain's successor as secretary of state for the colonies is familiarly known as "Alfred" pure and simple on every cricket ground and tennis court of the United Kingdom, and is perhaps the best known of non-professional athletes in the British Isles. His prowess in the cricket field, on the tennis court, at football, and in rowing have already been referred to in the cable dispatches announcing Alfred Lyttelton's nomination as colonial minister. But a feature of his activity which has escaped mention is his interest in the so-called "Children's Holiday Fund," which, like the "Fresh Air Fund" in so many of the American cities, procures a fortnight's holiday in the country each year for thousands of unfortunate children whose homes are in the poorest tenement districts, and in the London slums.

His mother was the youngest sister of the late Mrs. Gladstone. Indeed, the late Lord Lyttelton and William E. Gladstone married on the same day, and in the same church, and the relations of the Lytteltons with the Gladstones have ever since been exceedingly close and intimate. This does not mean, however, that they are necessarily of the same opinion in political matters. Indeed, the Lyttelton brothers, among themselves, are much divided politically, and to such an extent is the Hon. and the Rev. Canon Lyttelton opposed to the colonial policy of Joseph Chamberlain, which Alfred Lyttelton has been selected to perpetuate, that he actually prevented the hundreds of boys being educated under his direction at Haileybury College from taking any part whatsoever, in the celebrations of the relief of Ladysmith.

Married Miss Balfour.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton was a Miss Balfour, and is a sister of that young lawyer whose engagement to Vivian Sartoris, granddaughter of President Grant, was broken off on the eve of the day appointed for the wedding. Alfred's first wife, a most gifted woman, was the eldest sister of "Dodo" Asquith.

The Lyttelton family is an old one, being descended from Thomas de Lyttelton, who was sheriff of Worcestershire in the reign of King Henry III. King James I conferred a baronetcy upon the Lyttelton of his day, and King George III advanced Sir William Henry Lyttelton to the rank of Lord Lyttelton for his services as governor of South Carolina. The fifth and present Lord Lyttelton inherited the Viscountcy of Cobham on the death of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos without male issue, by virtue of the special remainder, according to the terms of which the Viscountcy of Cobham, conferred upon Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, in 1718, was to pass in default of male heirs to the male heirs of his sister, who married Sir Thomas Lyttelton. The title of Viscount Cobham, being the highest and the most ancient of the dignities inherited by the present chief of the house of Lyttelton, is the one by which he is known, and as which he sits in the house of lords.

Let me add that the Lytteltons claim to have royal blood in their veins, being descended in the female line from that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was son of King Edward II, and one of the sisters of Lord Cobham and of the new secretary of state for the colonies is that Lady Frederick Cavendish whose husband, a younger brother of the Duke of Devonshire, was murdered in Phoenix Park by the so-called Invincibles.

New Marquis de Mores.

Through the death of the old Duke of Vallombrosa in Paris his grandson, young Louis de Mores, who is now in this country with the widowed Marquise de Mores and his sisters, becomes Duke of Vallombrosa and of Asinara, as well as Marquis of Mores and of Mon Mayor. These honors and dignities, as strictly speaking, Italian, having been conferred by the rulers of Sardinia, and are only French in that they have for three-quarters of a century been borne by noblemen who were French citizens and who made their home in France. The new duke has an American mother, the widowed Marquise de Mores having been prior to her marriage Medora H. Hoffman, daughter of Louis Hoffman, the New York banker.

The duke is about eighteen years of age, has a sister of nineteen, and a brother who is much younger than himself. Their father, it may be remembered, was murdered some five years ago by the Tuareg Arabs just south of the Tunisian frontier, while endeavoring to cross the Sahara desert, for the purpose of joining the Khalifa at Khartoum, and of helping him to defeat the English and Egyptians under Lord Kitchener.

The late marquise, although a singularly handsome man, adept in all manly exercises and sports, and who won widespread fame for himself in the Western States by his skill as a shot and his entire fearlessness, was most unfortunate in his financial undertakings. He lost immense sums of money in connection with the Union Generale smash at Paris, and sank a great deal more in his scheme of co-operative cattle breeding farms and slaughterhouses in this country, while his ranching enterprises, which won for him the name of the "Cowboy Marquis," proved equally disastrous. The closing years of his life were spent in litigation with his father, the late Duke of Vallombrosa on the subject of money matters, and in active participation in the anti-Jewish crusade in France.

It is doubtful whether the young duke will benefit to any extent financially by the death of his grandfather, which will, however, have the effect of preventing his mother and sister from fulfilling their plans of taking an active part in the New York season.

A short time ago the European newspapers were filled with most sensational stories concerning a military conspiracy against the King and Queen of Portugal,

which it was said had resulted in the shooting down of several officers and soldiers within the palace precincts, and which had only failed to accomplish its purpose owing to the fact that one of the ringleaders had at the last moment become conscience-stricken and warned the King, betraying his fellow-conspirators. The name of this officer in question was given as Colonel Luciano, and it was added that he was in immediate command of the palace guard.

As this story has received a certain amount of publicity in this country, it may be just as well to explain that the whole affair is a gigantic hoax, which is exciting mingled amusement and indignation in Portugal. There has been no plot of the kind described, nor any fracas in the palace. Nor is there any officer or dignitary of the court who bears the name of Luciano.

The latter, however, is the name of one of the best known personages in Lisbon. He is the official rat-catcher. Ever since the plague made its appearance in the Portuguese capital endeavors have been made to exterminate as far as possible the rats of the metropolis, since they are considered to be among the principal spreaders of the contagion, and a premium is accordingly given for every rat killed. The premium is a small one. But such as it is it is sufficient to tempt Luciano, who spends his entire nights hunting rats in the sewers, and has already tens of thousands to his credit. He is a popular character of the city, and since the publication of the story of the conspiracy has been dubbed the "Rat Colonel."

Titled Women's Debts.

Owing to the extreme difficulty experienced by London tradesmen in collecting their accounts from numerous titled women possessed of estates separate from their husbands, and settled upon themselves, an appeal is about to be made to the lord chamberlain's office, in the hope that when it can be shown that women can pay and that they refuse to do so, they may be barred by order of the King from attendance at court, until their liabilities are paid. They cannot be made bankrupt. Nor can they be imprisoned for debts even under the process known as contempt of court. In fact, judgments obtained against them are absolutely useless unless the lord chamberlain's department, or rather, I should say, King Edward, interferes and helps the mulcted tradesmen, mostly dressmakers, to recover their money, by intimating that those who can pay and who won't, are not welcome at court.

While the tradesmen in question and their lawyers seem sanguine about the matter, I doubt whether King Edward VII's spirit of chivalry with regard to the fair sex will permit him to give any encouragement to this form of persecution of those who figure among the most brilliant ornaments of his court.

Bubbles.

A padded list—the chorus girl's payroll.

The clock tinker doesn't care to work on tick.

One firefighter at the theater is a box party.

The milk dealer ought to know how to skim through a book and get the cream of it.

Even the wagon painter sometimes strives for good stage effects.

Talk is cheap, even when one uses extravagant language.

Perhaps the ocean murmurs because it doesn't know what has come across it.

The dog catcher and the herb doctor have different ways of gathering harks.

"I know what 'long suffering' means," said the giraffe, "when I get it in the neck."

The manufacturer of woolen cloth is often caught napping.

When a musician goes fishing he may not know all the different scales.

The frocked man doesn't care to have "the spots knocked off of him."

The Chicago girl probably isn't anxious to leave "footprints in the sand of time."

You may understand punctuation, but you cannot fully comprehend the girl of the period.

The janitor of five flats may himself be one sharpener.

It's still filthy when the thief goes in and cleans out a tidy sum.

It's perfectly killing when two women cut each other by looking daggers.

The tattooed boy who attends upon a king is in reality an illustrated page.

They call it "hard cash," and it is, if it gets it they mean, but oft.

We have thought that, to fall back upon, it is really decidedly soft.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Handcar Express.

The light, bicycle-like American handcar has facilitated travel in the far east, and the Russian engineers in Manchuria have been enabled to create an express service all their own. Every mile of the track being guarded by the soldiers a start can be made with two muscular Cosaks, and when these are weary or they may be dropped one by one as others are picked up. The speed of these handcars is greater than that made by any locomotive in Siberia, for the reason that, the tracks being still new, the heavy moguls play havoc when going at full speed, while the light American handcars skim over the rails and need no such.

It takes two days to go by train from Port Arthur to Munkden, a distance of some 600 miles, while the relay handcar can be forced to make the trip in half that time. It would be possible, in fact, to travel 6,000 miles across Siberia and Russia by handcar at greater speed than that accomplished by regular trains, as every two-thirds of a mile a man at the handle bars could be dropped and a fresh worker ordered aboard.—London Chronicle.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Some men marry to get over the expense of being engaged.

A college education is good for a boy after he recovers from it.

You can always make a woman happy by remembering it was you who gave her an old flower she treasures.

How can anybody expect a woman to enjoy a comedy on the stage when her idea of fun is going to a funeral?

It takes two women to